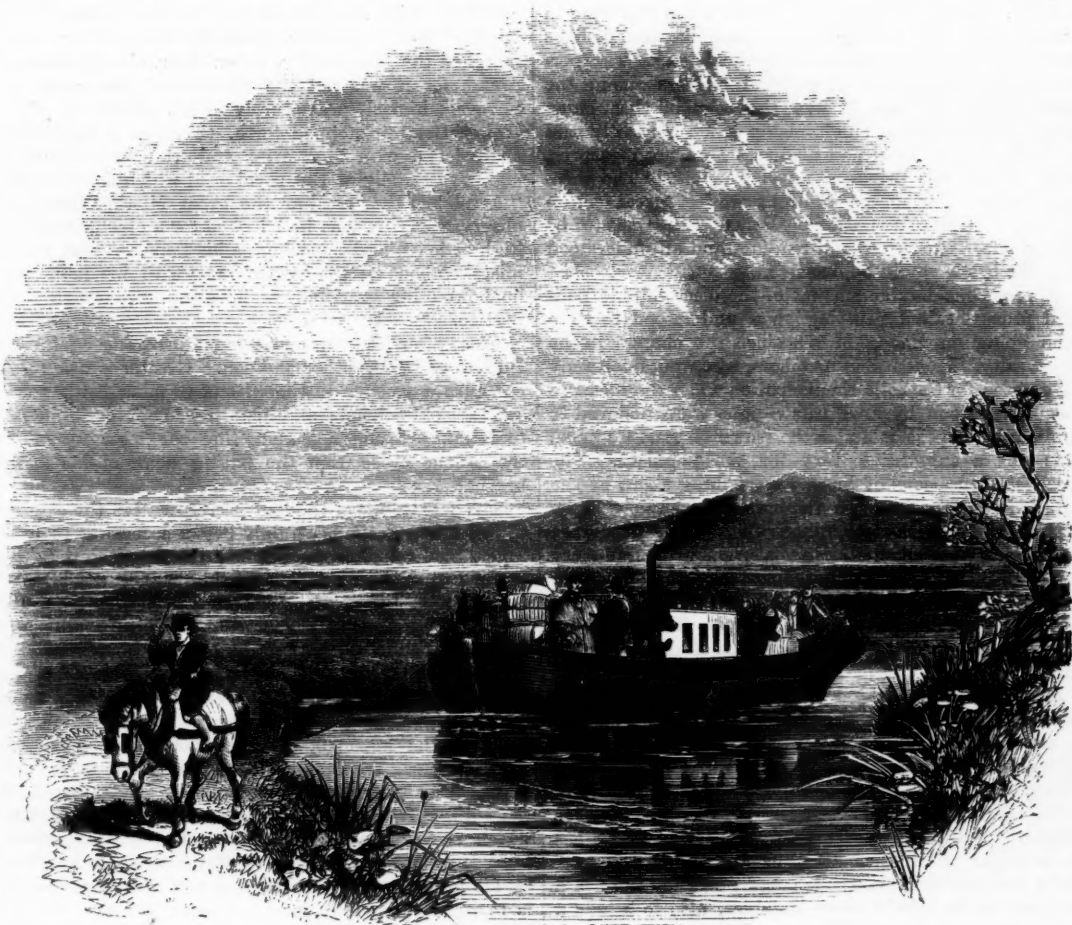


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



IN THE CANAL BOAT.

## THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A NIGHT OF DEBATE.

It was the evening of the 4th of May, 1795. College Green was thronged with a swaying multitude, among which mounted police rode about; and a line of dragoons was drawn up near the portico of the Parliament House. One might have wondered how quietly the noble horses stood, with human yelling bursting about them at spasmodic intervals; or how patient their riders were amid the gibes and provoking sneers of the populace,

whose object seemed to be the infuriating of the military, if possible. But not even the flat of a sabre retaliated a taunt, though under the glittering helmets more than one pair of eyes gleamed dangerously, and seemed to promise that, in case of collision, not the flat but the edge of the sword would be used.

King William's statue was heaped high with boys and men: so were the lamp-posts and all available railings. Those at the College were held by their own proper tenants—the students in cap and gown; who had sufficiently shown their political predilections some short time previously, by deserting the provost and fel-

lows as they proceeded to present an address to his Excellency Earl Camden at the Castle, and paying homage to Grattan, the leader of the Liberal section, instead. Likewise a large body of them had joined with the Roman Catholics assembled in Francis Street Chapel, when resolutions were entered into respecting the expediency of a separation of Ireland from England, and it was publicly stated that "Ireland, but for the British connection, would be happy, and of some consequence in the world;" and the soldiers were exhorted to desertion as a duty. In fact, the seditious spirit leavening the freshmen of Trinity College could scarcely be controlled by the constituted authorities of that seat of learning.

Now a multitude in College Green, on nights when any important debate was going on in the Houses, was no novelty. Every street-boy in Dublin was a politician in his own way; the most violent personal likes and dislikes were entertained for public men by the masses. This personal element coloured all political matters among the Irish people: perhaps it was the relic of that olden spirit of clanship and chieftainship which is rightly said to be the key to Hibernian history. Men, not measures, were always the principal rallying-points. The measure before Parliament to-night was of great consequence. Grattan's Catholic Relief Bill was to be brought forward for second reading, and all understood that the battle would be decisive.

A very considerable amount of the discreditable political process called "ratting" was understood to have been going on among M.P.'s since the change in the vicereignty. Honourable members, who would certainly have voted for Catholic Emancipation when the measure was smiled upon by Earl Fitzwilliam, were believed to be ready to oppose it under the frown of Earl Camden. This was a suggestive text for the populace. The broadest accusations of bribery were flung about by the crowd, in connection with the names of sundry legislators. Old stories were raked up to their discredit; nick-names were shouted, personal peculiarities of every sort were loudly commented on, rousing roars of laughter in the mob. Abundance of plain-speaking was being indulged in: and it may be imagined that slander had at least as fair a chance of expression as unwelcome truth.

Fitzpatrick and Myles Furlong had worked their way from the outer edges of the crowd, through lanes made by the police movements, or by adroit pushing and squeezing, or by running the gamutlet under the horses' bodies, and at last reached the vicinage of the entrance to the House of Commons. "I want to look at Mither Grattan an' Lord Edward; I'd give all that ever I see for a sight of Mither Grattan an' Lord Edward," Myles had said to his comrade: and now they were in a fair position to behold those notables, also to behold a great variety of other M.P.'s not quite so distinguished. These arrived in all sorts of vehicles, from the open landau or sociable down to the meagre sedan-chair; and eager as for the exposition of a conundrum were the crowd for the discovery of the occupant of each; unless where, as was often the case, the liveries and appointments were recognised by the *habitués* of the streets, and declared beforehand in a rolling shout from Grafton Street over the Green—a shout which was either defiant or laudatory according to predilection.

"Arrah! who's the little chap like a priest?" asked Myles of his friend, when that hired vehicle of the period, called a noddy, struggled through the lanes of the mob, and discharged somebody whose advent was greeted with terrific groaning. The little figure looked round sharply and defiantly, and pushed his brown bob-

wig farther on his forehead as he strutted up the steps. "Paddy Duigenan! Paddy Duigenan!" was the cry. A faint counter-cheer came from Protestant partisans at the College; for Doctor Patrick Duigenan was the anti-papal incarnation of the time, and led fierce opposition in the House on every question concerning the Catholic claims. "An' how does yer honour get on wid herself?" asked one fellow, peering almost into his face. "She'll have you goin' to mass yet!" The doctor actually winced; it was the most vulnerable point about his career that he had married a Roman Catholic lady, and, notwithstanding his utter detestation of the creed, had daily to associate with her confessor and other priests.

The groans and gibes had scarcely died away when applause which rent the air testified the coming of some popular pet. Quickly through the willing crowd marched the bearers of a sedan-chair, closely curtained round, for it was not the pleasure of the great man to reveal himself prematurely to his admirers. When Henry Grattan stepped forth, they saw a small, bent, spare form, with long arms and ordinary face: no insignia externally of the royal soul which dwelt within. "Arrah! is that crathur the great Mither Grattan?" observed Myles, who had looked for a chieftain six feet high at least, and imposing as his fame. There was no mistake about it; the welkin rang with his name, and he bowed his gratitude as he disappeared within the portico.

Close after him came matter for groaning again—the Butlers of Doon, father and son. Greater ovation than applause were such testimonies of popular dislike to the stalwart old colonel; and his son was simply indifferent to it all. He did not know that the fiercest groan in the chorus arose from the hating heart of his foster-brother.

The debate, one of the longest recorded in the sessions of the Irish Parliament, duly began according to form. Toler, the solicitor-general, led the opposition to the Relief Bill, declaring that it would overthrow the British constitution. Lord Kingsborough said that admitting Roman Catholics to parliament would take all power from the hands of the Protestants of the realm. Sir Hercules Langrishe declared himself a supporter of the bill, and defended it from the charge of being a move towards democracy, or towards French exemplars, "where," he affirmed, "we see not equal rights, but equal wrongs—an equality not of property, but of poverty." Another honourable member spoke much of the United Irishmen, and the three millions of backers which they boasted. "The wretched peasant, whose head is counted to swell this awful number, is called on by his priest to subscribe, and is told that Mr. Grattan is to relieve him from rent and wretchedness; the innocent man blesses Mr. Grattan, and subscribes the little produce of his sweat. The miserable dupe, plundered of his scanty earning, returns to his cabin and dreams of nothing but less labour for himself and more food and raiment for his children. But this man, under the guidance of such leaders, is the more dangerous as he is the more innocent. I therefore deem it inexpedient to admit such leaders to any share of power: we should be the more careful in a country where government seems to be the science of all, and obedience the habit of none. But we are told, sir, that these men will rebel if we do not comply. Why, sir, if their loyalty is so loose a cloak as to be thrown off in every contest for rank and power, let them rebel."

Thus the gage of defiance was flung down, and the truth more than hinted at, that in this debate the destiny

of the agitators was bound up, and that they would shape their course by the result; which seemed to be accepted as an inevitable fact by Mr. Arthur O'Connor, the ultra-liberal member for Philipstown, whose maiden speech on the occasion cost him his seat, Lord Longueville, the owner of the borough, having demanded his resignation next day. Such was the parliamentary independence of the times.

"The decision of this night goes much further than the bill," said he. "Let me caution you. Have you not had a great and memorable example to convince you that the soldiers of an odious government may become the soldiers of the nation? Take care what part you act on this night." The threat was perfectly comprehensible to the listeners, and created a certain sensation. Mr. Arthur O'Connor plunged into the hottest cabals of the United Irishmen a week after, and became a noted rebel.

Grattan of course defended his bill, and especially took into consideration the coronation oath of the King, which was alleged to be an insuperable bar to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. All his eloquence and his logic were unavailing: a great majority of the House was unwilling that concession should go any further.

The roseate dawn of a fine May morning blushed over the purple Irish Sea, and paled the manifold lamps of the capital; the rising sun lit up the Dublin mountains, and shone through green alleys of the Phoenix, and through scores of easterly-lying streets, and cast a great magnified shadow of the pilastered front of Old Trinity across College Green and its diminished crowds. The guard of dragoons was there still, though the boisterous element had long since passed from the mob, under the sedative influence of many inactive hours. Faintly were the cheers and counter-cheers from within re-echoed now from without; yet not a legislator had come forth—the great event was not yet decided. An attempt to adjourn had been at once suppressed. Worthy citizens, coming forth to their day's duties in mart and manufactory, saw the jaded soldiers amid the dregs of the over-night mob, and marvelled at the strenuous continuance of the legislative contest. At last, not more than an hour from noontide, the crisis came.

Cheers broke forth from the interior—vehement, vivid, oft-repeated cheers—unmistakably the shout of victory. The people in the street held their breath; for who had been victorious? It was soon told. Members oozed forth, singly, in pairs, in half-dozens—some talking with eager angry looks, others simply tired out, others with elated step and triumphant glance. Among the grave and reticent was Henry Grattan, who drew the curtains of his sedan close, and scarcely noticed the feeble cheer of the populace.

"So it's all up," says Fitzpatrick, turning moodily from the spot of his weary night-watch. "A hundred an' fifty-five against the bill."

Myles did not quite understand this till it was further explained; but the ensuing sentence required no commentary except the glittering eye with which it was spoken.

"I'm thinking t'will be the pikes in real airnest now, an' no mistake."

#### CHAPTER XL.—ON THE CANAL.

THERE were miles of bog on every side, almost perfectly flat, as far as the pale greyish hills that stood on the horizon. Right through the level tract lay a canal and a towing-path, along which a large lumber-boat and its attendant horse were slowly travelling. On the back of

the singularly unkempt horse, who seemed in bad spirits, and hung down his head as if nothing in nature was worth looking at—a conclusion which was very nearly the truth here—was an equally unkempt boy, having withered saffron hair, appearing not only around his ancient cap, but also through sundry holes in the midst of it, suggesting vegetation that had penetrated all obstacles, and was determined to assert its uprightness. Occasionally the boy administered a spurring to his steed, by means of a vigorous drum on its sides with his naked heels; but neither that nor other stimulant of curb or short stick had any effect on its equable motions; a mild surprise that anybody should take such trouble might have been detected in the big round eyes behind the winkers; in jog-trot had the brown horse lived, and in jog-trot would he die.

The deck of the lumber-boat had built upon it a long narrow cabin, with railed top, intended for passengers who might be induced to trust themselves to the conveyance. At either end was a broader space, piled up with merchandise, and diversified with live-stock going to some fair; a little black iron chimney sent forth turf smoke into the eyes of anybody incautious enough to promenade the railed space aforesaid, so that most of the passengers chose to congregate with the cattle. Here were Myles Furlong and Fitzpatrick smoking their pipes in company with the drovers, and busy at the same time about their avocation of sowing sedition.

"Troth an' that's terrible news entirely," said one fellow in frieze, who held a ponderous oak bludgeon in his hands, neatly filled in with lead at the thicker end, for convenience of use at fairs. "An' do you say, sir, that all our little farms is to be tuk from us, an' given to Protestans?"

"Deed an' I do: it's a great plan o' the parliament-men in Dublin," declared Fitzpatrick, who never hesitated at an untruth to back his own purposes. "Me an' this man is jist down from the middle of 'em all, an' heerd tell a tale beside that same;" an announcement which stimulated the curiosity of the group not a little; and, after some provokingly persevering whiffs of his blackened clay pipe, the delegate was persuaded to favour them with further revelations, Myles merely acting the part of corroborator.

"Well, as to that about Catholics bein' turned out to make room for Protestans, the wondher to me is that ye didn't hear it long ago. Why, it's two year since Misther Byrne wrote a long letter about it, to give the alarm properly. An' the Connaught people—small blame to 'em, the crathurs!—tuk the law into their own hands, bein' aggravated like, an' didn't leave a gun or a sword in a Protestant house the country over."

"Small blame to 'em," chorussed the company, shaking the ashes from their pipes over the edge of the gunwale. "But what was it you said about bigger taxes?" inquired he of the bludgeon. "I'm thinkin' they wor big enough before."

"To be sure they wor; but the English Protestans don't think so, d'ye see?" said Fitzpatrick, with a poke of his finger. "An' they're masters, you know, yet awhile. There's to be a land tax double what it ever was, an' the tithes is to be increased, and the hearth-money—"

"Blessed hour!" exclaimed the aghast agriculturists, "how'll we ever live at all at all?"

It need scarcely be said that the above statements were pure inventions of Mr. Fitzpatrick's. Such was a common practice with the incendiary itinerant demagogues of the period: they even printed handbills containing the grossest falsehoods about Government



and its intentions, in order to stir up the discontents of the people, and fan the spark of disquiet into a flame.

Then the delegate proceeded to insinuate the remedy—secret political combination; which was not unknown to some of them already. And in this sort of talk the afternoon wore on among the wide reaches of bog lands, where only an occasional cabin or a set of turf-ricks diversified the prospect, and knots of yellow ragweed and the pretty tufted bog cotton were the chief vegetation, beside flabby-leaved potatoes. And Tommeen, the boy on the low-spirited horse, sang as a diversion to his own monotony that strain to which Burns's "Poor Mailie" is but a parody (say zealous Hibernicists), entitled "The Widow's Pig."

"I placed her on the hearth-stone,  
A sod beneath her head I laid,  
In hopes she would come to herself,  
And keep the cabin o'er our head.  
At last her eyes she opened,  
Saying, 'Mistress dear, will you sit still?  
I'll make you the executor  
To my last testament and will.'"

And so on, until the boat came to a lock, where Tommeen's steed was enfranchised and another put in bonds, and a set of very unwelcome passengers appeared, in the shape of a party of yeomen; who jumped in over the side, and took possession of the little cabin immediately, stowing their muskets away in every part of it; talking loud, and swaggering about, to the disgust of Fitzpatrick and his companion.

"Well, my men, and what are you doing?" asked the officer, coming over to the group who had been seditiously employed. "Talking on some interesting subject, eh?"

"Did yer honour hear tell," says Fitzpatrick, fawningly, "how Misther Burke ov Coonagh dug up his rath, and what the fairies did to him aftherwards to punish him?"

"No," said the other, with a short laugh, "nor would I b'lieve it if I did. Some of you lend me a light of your pipes, and we'll have a draw together." This request was rather sullenly complied with. "Where's that boy who was singing as we came up to the lock?" for by this time the second pair of gates had been passed, and the boat was gliding along a higher section of the canal. "I'll be bound 'twas a rebelly song of some sort. Where is he, I say?"

Tommeen had been left behind at the lock with his steed; but, as it was the good pleasure of the man in uniform, the boat was stopped while a yeoman went back to fetch him. He of the saffron-coloured hair was grievously frightened, and his teeth not far from chattering, when he was caught and presented.

"What was the song, sirrah? no prevarication, sirrah; state, without more ado, was it a seditious ballad?"

"Plase yer honour's majesty," said Tommeen, his knees almost knocking together as he spied a club of muskets behind his questioner, and red-coats all around, "it was only 'The Widow's Pig,' and I didn't think it was any har-rm!"

"And what's 'The Widow's Pig,' sir? Pipe it up this minute, sir."

Perhaps he was amused by the terror of the poor boy, who immediately struck forth into the ditty with most quavering accents, so that every bar was filled with a truly natural shake. He forgot half the words, and mangled the remainder, to the high entertainment of the yeomen; but the officer's scowl never left his face.

"And is that what you call a loyal song, sir?"

Tommeen gaped, between fright and non-comprehension, and stood with his mouth wide open opposite the

awful authority. "I've a mind to shoot you, sir," said the military man, slowly drawing a pistol from his belt; "you know you deserve it, and would be sentenced to it by any court-martial. What have you to say in your own defence, sir? Hold his arms, Grady: make ready—present!"

As he put the pistol to the lad's forehead—it was all a joke, remember—suddenly his hand was struck up, the weapon wrenched from it by Myles Furlong, and thrown far into the canal.

The wild confusion that ensued may be imagined. Half a dozen yeomen flung themselves on the blacksmith, to obey their officer's stentorian orders for his arrest; but his great strength enabled him to cast them off, after a struggle, and to plunge over the side of the boat. Tommeen made his escape ashore in the *mêlée*, and could never afterwards be persuaded but that he would in reality have been shot, except for the stranger's interference.

The boat was stopped for some time. Lights were procured from a neighbouring cabin to aid in the search; for darkness lay thick on the line of the deep-cut canal, though a westerling gleam was still in the sky. No trace of the daring stranger could be discovered. Fitzpatrick, dismayed beyond measure, yet dissembled his emotions, and aided in the hunt most officiously, so as to receive the thanks of the officer afterwards, and to escape the overhauling which the innocent drovers experienced in virtue of the search-warrant of his will and pleasure.

Thenceforth skulking was the order of the day for Myles in that district. Tommeen and his family became vigorous "croppies" in consequence of the above-mentioned tyrannous pleasantries. It is a fact that scores of rebels were made by the unlicensed conduct of the troops whose business it was to keep the peace. One of the Irish Opposition papers of the period gave the following "receipt for making a rebel," which was practised extensively at a time somewhat later than the date of this chapter. "Take a loyal subject, uninfluenced by title, place, or pension; burn his house over his head; let the soldiery exercise every species of insult and barbarity towards his helpless family, and march away with the plunder of every part of his property they choose to save from the flames." Whence it will be seen what a trifling exploit even the shooting of Tommeen would have proved; not a blot on the escutcheon of the yeomanry officer.

Myles Furlong made his way along the Shannon to Lough Allen, and thence into the disturbed districts of Ulster. He earned his bread everywhere in the practice of his trade, and taught pike-making in many a previously unsophisticated forge. He was in the Tyrone mountains when the commotions began which ended in the Battle of the Diamond, where a very large body of Roman Catholic Defenders was beaten by the Protestants, with a loss of forty-eight persons killed, and a great many wounded.

Local hostilities of this kind spread in many places over Ireland, awaking the bitterest feelings. Civil war is never so fearful as when intensified by religious hate. The Orangemen now began to come prominently forward, and were in some instances so intolerant as literally to drive from their homes the Roman Catholic population. Numbers passed over to their co-religionists in Mayo and Sligo, as despairing of being let to live in Ulster. On the other hand, there was the cruellest retaliation by the popish organizations in the southern and western counties. Nothing could be more unfortunate than the state of the kingdom.

Meanwhile in France was a little cloud forming—no bigger yet than the will and endeavour of one man—the expatriated Wolfe Tone; which may grow large enough to overshadow all Ireland with the thunder tempests of invasion.

## THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

### I.

THERE have been men who, either as the discoverers of some valuable remedy, such as vaccination, against the effects of disease, or as the inventors of some useful machinery whereby the comforts or necessities of life have been greatly cheapened, and so placed within the reach of great numbers, are deservedly reckoned among the benefactors of their fellow-men. But as moral improvement is scarcely to be considered less important than physical, which it often precedes, and always promotes, so there are others who, by the influence of their character and example, by their valuable and practical writings, having earnestly laboured for the moral and intellectual advancement of their race, have established a permanent claim to our remembrance and gratitude.

In this latter class we may fairly include the late Archbishop Whately. He was a man of large heart and great vigour of intellect; a sincere lover of truth, and a very zealous and able advocate in its cause. Though greatly occupied in the care of his extensive diocese, he found time, after his elevation to the see of Dublin, as he had before it, to write many important books, not for the sake of making money, or of gaining reputation, but for the sake and in the hope of doing good.

That such was really his object these books are the best witnesses. Any one who has read, or shall read them, will see how deeply impressed he was with the great principles of justice, candour, and truth, and how earnestly and manfully he tried to enforce and commend them. Some great men write for scholars like themselves, and can be understood only by persons of like intelligence and learning; and though we may not be among them, still we should always feel glad and thankful that, when God has given great natural gifts, they are used for the advancement of science—more especially because such advancement generally leads to important practical results and benefits. For instance, many wonderful and beautiful discoveries have been made in the science of astronomy, by men of patient and superior intellect. But these discoveries are not only beautiful and interesting in themselves; they have led to highly valuable improvements in the art of navigation, whereby much service has been rendered to the mercantile interests, and to the preservation of human life. And in like manner, the ingenious speculations of Greek geometers upon the sections of a cone led, two thousand years after, to great improvements in the same art of navigation. So that we have not only a right to respect men of science for their extraordinary abilities, but also to respect science itself for the practical advantages which, at some time or other, its advancement will almost certainly produce.

Archbishop Whately did not occupy himself with purely scientific matters. His tendencies and occupations were of a practical character. Upon a great variety of subjects of this kind he wrote equally well. This he was enabled to do because, in addition to his keen, vigorous, and discerning intellect, his strong sense of duty always induced him to take all pains to understand any subject upon which he wrote. And as he wrote in order to be understood and to do good, he took

equally great pains to secure that pure, simple, and sinewy style of composition in which he excelled. We are never at a loss to know what he means, nor does he, as some other authors, presuppose his readers to be acquainted with much which may have already been said upon the subject. Hence his writings, full as they are of thought, often original, and always clear, never fail both to interest and instruct. Some deep thinkers write with very beautiful simplicity. Nor is this always owing altogether to the natural correctness of their taste. They deserve praise for it, as well as admiration. Because, being desirous of doing good, and knowing the gentle persuasion of a simple style, they have laboured to attain it, not merely for the sake of its grace, but also as it is such an attractive way of conveying useful knowledge to ordinary minds—imitating in this the wisdom of certain jewellers, who, being possessed of some very precious stones, exercise their skill in devising such modes of setting them as may best serve to commend their value and attract the notice of purchasers to their beauty. If it be then asked what Archbishop Whately has done to justify the great reputation which he has gained, the question is to be answered by some account of his character and writings. We shall preface this by a brief sketch of his life.

He was the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Whately, Prebendary of Bristol; was born at London in the year 1787, and received his early education at a private school near Bristol. In 1805 he entered Oriel College, Oxford, where he obtained his fellowship in 1811. This he vacated in 1821, upon his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of William Pope, Esq., of Hillingdon, Middlesex. He was soon after presented to the living of Halesworth in Suffolk; appointed Bampton Lecturer in 1822, Principal of St. Albans Hall in 1826; and, without any other interest than that of his reputation, nominated to the Archbishopric of Dublin in 1831.

At Oxford, his vigorous and energetic character displayed itself in the earnestness of his efforts to promote healthful education, and to reform whatever he thought to need amendment. His active mind knew no rest, but appeared to be always occupied by some plans for improvement, and in devising means for their execution. Love of truth, and zeal in its cause, were the leading traits of his character.

His writings soon acquired wide circulation. Many persons dissented from some of his opinions, but all acknowledged his independence as a thinker, and admired the singular purity of his compositions. His style of writing was thoroughly English, always to the point, vigorous, earnest, and lucid.

"Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,  
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in.  
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,  
As smooth as woman, yet as strong as man."

To its excellences of grace and strength he added that of marvellous felicity of illustration. In this last quality he was not surpassed, so far as aptitude, by any writer. Some have used more grand and beautiful illustrations, but none ever more suitable or less strained.

His "Introduction to Logic" at once established his reputation as a keen and clear reasoner. It is unquestionably a work of standard excellence, ranking among the very best treatises on the subject. The chapter on Sophisms is a model of simplicity and orderly arrangement. He has the great merit of being the first writer in these countries who has popularized the true character of syllogism as the type of all formal reasoning. The controversy between him and the great master of an opposite school, Mr. Mill, on the nature of inductive reasoning,

is too well known to need more than a passing mention. Nor is there occasion to enter on the discussion whether the Archbishop has not too much narrowed the province of logic by limiting it to the "reasoning process," instead of extending it to all exercises of pure thought. However these questions may be decided, it is certain that Dr. Whately has been the reviver in these countries of a taste, such as it is, for logical science, and the first who has made popular the true nature of all formal reasoning, by the light which he has thrown upon the symbolical character of syllogism, as necessitating the conclusion, not from the *matter*, but from the *form* of the premises.

One of the happiest applications of his argumentative skill, and dexterous dealing with formidable sophistry, has been exhibited in that most ingenious little work, "Historic Doubts relative to the Existence of Napoleon Buonaparte," which has already reached its thirteenth edition.

Some eminent men, to this day, express their doubts as to the real object of the celebrated David Hume, in proposing those well-known difficulties which have tasked the strength of so many opponents, and of which it may now be said, they have certainly received satisfactory answers. The doubt is, whether he deliberately meant to enforce universal scepticism, or whether he put forth his "thorny questions" to force upon men a more satisfactory establishment of the grounds of belief than he professed to find in existing philosophic systems. In some instances he may have intended the latter; in others it is scarcely to be reasonably doubted that he did not.

His objection to the Christian miracles is fairly put. The error lies, not in the way of stating the question, but in the side which he took of the alternatives in which he stated it. Paley had already tried his hand at a reply, and fairly broke down by an unconscious sophism which really assumed the whole point at issue. Chalmers did excellent service, and really met the point. The Archbishop has completed the discomfiture. Hume argued thus:—The question of miracles is a contest of opposite improbabilities. It is improbable that miracles should be true; it is improbable that the testimony in their favour should be false. But the former improbability is greater than the latter, because miracles are contrary to experience, which the falsehood of testimony is not. Hence, miracles are to be rejected.

The Archbishop, with his usual sagacity, showed in his "Logic," and elsewhere, how this sophism was to be answered; namely, by applying the little word "all" before the words "experience" and "testimony." Hume's argument requires this, or it is worthless. For, to say that a miracle was contrary to (some) experience, and that (some) testimony was false, was really to say nothing at all. Hence we must supply in both cases the word *all*. But to say that miracles are contrary to (all) experience is at once to *assume*, instead of proving, their falsehood. And to say that (all) testimony is false, because *some* has been proved to be so, is clearly a vicious induction. This is the logical mode of exhibiting the fallacy, as it exists in the actual argument of Hume.

In the "Historic Doubts" the way of dealing with the subject is different. There the Archbishop takes up a fact so notorious as the life of Napoleon Buonaparte, and proves that the actual history of this remarkable personage consists of a great number of incidents, not only very improbable of themselves, but attested by evidence to which much suspicion is attached. One circumstance alone will show the great dexterity with which he manages the counter-argument:—

"The principal Parisian journal, the 'Moniteur,' in the number published on the *very day* (in the year 1814) on which the allied armies are said to have entered Paris as conquerors, makes *no* mention of any such event, nor alludes at all to any military transactions, but is entirely occupied with criticisms on some *theatrical performances*. Now this may be considered as equivalent to a positive contradiction of the received accounts."—Page 79, 13th edition.

By summing up a list of improbabilities in the history of Buonaparte, and by examining the testimony for them, the Archbishop shows that, on Hume's principles, we should be bound to discredit these events, and to deny that any such personage ever existed. Christian miracles are improbabilities, or extraordinary events (Hume cannot say more than this). So are the incidents of this history. The testimony for miracles is to be discredited; but that for this history is subject to incomparably greater suspicion. If, then, because of any unlikelihood in the events themselves, we are to discredit all the testimony for them, by such a mode of argument we cannot believe that any such personage as Napoleon Buonaparte ever existed.

It must be allowed that this felicitous little *jeu d'esprit* is a highly ingenious application of Bishop Butler's famous argument from analogy. It seems, on a hasty view, a paradox to assert, but it is really a practical truth of the very highest importance, that difficulties may be answered by being doubled—that is, by showing them to be really *twice as great* as the objector himself conceives, or, at least, represents them to be. The reason of this is obvious. For there are, in the course of nature, facts, *similar in the very points objected against* to those truths which are assailed, and which, therefore, the objection, if good, should have prevented from being facts at all. But the one are facts, and consequently the other may be truths, *notwithstanding* the objections.

It is, therefore, the greatest mistake in the world to set down scepticism as the result or the evidence of a strong mind refusing assent to statements which a credulous one accepts. It is, on the contrary, most commonly the proof of a narrow, and not of an enlarged understanding. Wider knowledge dissipates in many cases the difficulties which partial suggests, and in which they often wholly originate. The sceptic *creates*, the philosopher *finds* them. To the one they are a perplexity; to the other a discipline. The latter knows they have an existence, because they have a purpose. They are incidents of our condition, and occasions and means for our improvement. Our understanding needs submission just as much as our will. The wise man recognises the use, and profits by it.

In connection with the Archbishop's reply to Hume may be fitly mentioned another instance (put forward nearly at the same time, by Niebuhr) of his great sagacity as a defender of religion. It is contained in the following very striking assertion: "The existence of civilization is an evidence of a Divine revelation."

For the truth of this observation the appeal is made to the nature of barbarism, as itself tending to perpetuate or increase its state of degradation; to its traditions, which always ascribe the origin of inventions, and the introduction of civilization, to some foreigner, or Being from heaven; to the entire silence of history in furnishing any instance where emergence from barbarism has actually taken place without intercourse with civilized persons. The following passages contain these proofs:—

"For it appears that mere savages, if left to themselves without any instruction, never did, and never can, civilize themselves. And consequently the *first* of the

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human race that did acquire any degree of civilization, since they could not have had instruction from other men, must have had a superhuman instructor. But for such an instructor, all mankind would have been savages at this day. The mere fact, that civilized men do exist, is enough to prove, even to a person who had never heard of the Bible, that, at some time or other, men must have been taught something by some superior being; in other words, that there must have been a revelation."—*Lessons on Religious Worship*, p. 21.

"And this appears to be, from all accounts, the condition of all savage, or nearly savage tribes. They never appear to invent anything, or to make any effort to improve; so that what few arts they do possess (and which, in general, are only such as to enable them just to support life) must be the remnant that they have retained from a more civilized state from which their ancestors had degenerated."—Page 24.

"And this it is that misleads some persons in their notions respecting savages. For, finding that there is no one art which might not have been invented by unassisted man, supposing him to have a certain degree of civilization to start from, they hence conclude that unassisted man might have invented all the arts, supposing him left originally in a completely savage state. But this is contradicted by all experience; which shows that men in the condition of the lowest savages never have made the first step towards civilization, without some assistance from without."—Page 25.

"That man could not have made himself is appealed to as a proof of a Divine Creator. And that mankind could not, in the first instance, have civilized themselves, is a proof exactly of the same kind, and equally strong, of a superhuman Instructor."—Page 29.

This is, undoubtedly, a very interesting and original argument. It is not any answer to it to say there is no one art beyond the power of men to have invented. For the Archbishop says, "I am so far from denying this, that I have always asserted it, supposing them to have had already some degree of civilization. But the question is, how they became possessed of the initiatory knowledge."

The history of invention appears itself to furnish a strong corroboration of the truth of this statement. For it is sufficiently remarkable that some of the most important acquisitions are of so simple a character as to excite a very natural wonder how they could have remained so long unknown. Accident of some kind or other seems to have occasioned the first suggestion. But when once this has been given, the process often goes on rapidly enough. The long retardation of the initiatory hint, even among men considerably advanced in civilization, until suggested by some fortuitous circumstance, is the real marvel, and may be considered a strong confirmation of the Archbishop's highly interesting and original remark. The same, however, is true both of the discovery of arguments and of the invention of arts. Many of them appear so exceedingly simple, when once known, as to make it almost surprising how they could have remained so long unknown. And, in matters of religion, this is one of the many evidences that God has never left himself without witness, however backward men may be in making the discovery.

#### DAGMAR AND ALEXANDRA.

THE events which have occurred during the last eighteen months, and more particularly that most auspicious event the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra, have naturally caused many to look with more attention into the history of the Danish people.

Not the least among their early kings was Valdemar II, a man of energetic mind, but of unbridled passions. He married, at an early age, in the year 1205, the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Ottocar, of Bohemia.

The memory of this princess is cherished by the Danes with the deepest affection, and the "joy of the Danes," as she is termed, is known not by the name of Margaret, but as Queen Dagmar, "lovely maiden of the day." In truth, but little that is authentic is recorded of her, but in the ballads and legends of Scandinavia the name often occurs.

Many years ago her tomb was opened, and a curiously enamelled cross was discovered, suspended around her neck. It is one of the earliest known specimens of the art, and is now placed in the Museum at Copenhagen. So highly is it prized that the late King of Denmark considered that he could offer nothing more appropriate to the Princess Alexandra on her departure from her native country than a fac-simile; and the reader will see it suspended from the magnificent necklace of pearls and diamonds which we have engraved: this was also the gift of the late king, and both were exhibited at the Kensington Museum among the bridal gifts.

Mr. Horace Marryat has given, in his interesting work, "A Residence in Jutland and the Danish Isles," some further information respecting Queen Dagmar. He quotes some ancient ballads:—

"Queen Dagmar lies sick in Ribe;\*  
In Ringsted they do expect her;  
All the ladies in Denmark  
Stand round about her couch."

As she lies sick she cries—

"If then it be the will of God,  
And I must surely die,  
Fetch quick my lord from Skanderborg,  
And hither let him fly."

At Skanderborg King Valdemar stood on his "high lofty bridge," and spied from afar the "lille smaa dreng" (little page-boy) galloping on the white "ors." Let no one for the future laugh and jeer at those who talk of "orses:" it is pure Scandinavian, and as such should be respected. The king rides off in great haste.

"As the king set off from Skanderborg,  
Thirty squires they swelled his train;  
But when he came to Gridoted Bridge,  
Did the page alone remain."

He arrives in time to receive the last words of the Queen, and is told that he—

"must neither grieve nor lament,"

for to him that day a son is born.

Dagmar died in 1212 or 1213, and was buried at Ringsted, in the Island of Zealand. Valdemar afterwards married again, Berengaria, Princess of Portugal. Her memory is as much execrated as that of her predecessor is revered. They sleep side by side; but so great was the hatred of the people, that after death they severed Berengaria's head from her body, and when her coffin was opened a large round stone was found in its place, on her shoulders. She is commonly called Bengjerd, and the term is now synonymous for a bad woman. "Strange it is," says Mr. Marryat, "how, in this traditional land, old customs are handed down, and, like a machine, the peasant does what his father has done before him, without even asking the reason why. Hvitfeldt relates how, in his time, the people still sang a song, the refrain of which ran—

\* Shame be to Bengjerd and honour to the king."

And in much more modern days my old friend Professor Thomsen told me that, when a young man, while

\* Ribe, a town in the south of Jutland, on the west coast. Scanderborg is about sixty-five miles to the north-east of it.



THE DAGMAR CROSS AND NECKLACE. THE BERNSTOFF PALACE.

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lingering in the Abbey Church of Ringsted, he observed a peasant, on entering the sacred building, to drop on one knee and murmur a prayer at the tomb of Dagmar, and then, rising with a 'God bless you, good Queen!' he turned sharply round to the other side and spat on the sepulchral stone under which Berengaria slumbers. He could give no explanation; he said he followed the custom of his forefathers."

Valdemar II, as we have before remarked, was a man of violent passions and bad reputation. Count Henry of Schwerin, one of his vassals, went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and confided his countess to the care of his sovereign. Valdemar shamefully abused the trust, and, to revenge himself, Count Henry captured the king and his son, the heir-apparent and son of Dagmar. They were reposing in their tents after a hard day's hunting, little imagining the danger by which they were menaced. Suddenly, in the dead of night, they were attacked and carried off by the armed bands of the count. They were imprisoned in the fortress of Lengen, in Altmach, for three years. The Pope threatened, and equally in vain other sovereigns solicited their liberation. The historian Hvitfeldt quaintly describes the event: "They sat in the tower in irons and strong chains for three years, at which every man, both princes and people, were greatly surprised that so insignificant a count could imprison so powerful a king and his son without a blow being struck in their behalf, or the spilling of blood."

The fate of Dagmar's son was tragical, and similar to that of our William Rufus. He was hunting at Refsnies, in the Island of Zealand. Well might King Valdemar, and the Danes as one man, lament the death of the heir-apparent (already elected in his father's lifetime), sole offspring of good Queen Dagmar; for three more vicious sovereigns than his half-brothers, sons of Berengaria, never ascended the Danish throne.

Within the necklace we have engraved a view of the Bernstoff Palace, late the residence of the Princess Alexandra. It is situated a few miles to the north of Copenhagen, in the midst of a park, amongst rich and well-cultivated fields. It was not originally crown property, but was built by the court architect, Jardin, for Count Johan Bernstoff, in 1762. After his death the palace (which is very plain) and park were sold, and became state property in the time of Christian VIII, who kept his court there occasionally. Latterly the palace and the grounds were exclusively occupied by his Royal Highness Prince Christian, now King of Denmark. It was here that the Princess Alexandra received, a few days before her departure, a handsome vase of porcelain, the present of the peasants in the neighbourhood, by whom she is much beloved. Long, we trust, may the Princess be spared to us, and may her memory be even more revered than is that of Dagmar amongst her countrymen.

#### CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

THREE centuries and a half ago the ancestors of many of our peers were what would be called obscure country gentlemen, of the untitled aristocracy. Of our present peers there are but seventy-five whose ancestors were landholders at the period just named. The rest are mere mushrooms compared with county squires whose ancestors held land at the same period. It is found that the Scottish peerage will stand this test better than the English. We can think of only two titled Scottish families whose ancestors did not possess land at the beginning of the sixteenth century—Primrose and

Hope. The present head of the former family, the Earl of Roseberry, descends from James Primrose, the printer, who in 1616 had license to print the tract "God and the King" for twenty-eight years, in English or Latin, abroad or at home.

We have spoken of "mushrooms;" and it is manifest that if peers only reckoned their nobility from the date of their patents, they would be of the mushroom quality. But the newest peer may have a very old pedigree, and after being on the list of noble British gentry, may attain, as peer, to a higher rank in that nobility, and enjoy privileges which were previously beyond his reach. So, when a proud old squire declines to be made a modern peer, his pride blinds him to the truth that the new title would not at all affect his being an ancient gentleman.

At the close of the last century there were 9548 families in England entitled to bear arms. To the founders of those families the sovereign had at some time granted this privilege; and such a grant ennobled the recipient and his successors. It mattered nothing whether there was a title or handle to the name or not. The owner held land and wore coat-armour, as the shield of his arms was called; and therewith "John Hampden, twenty-fourth hereditary Lord of Great Hampden," the squire being Lord of the Manor, was as good a nobleman as Buckingham—better, if it be true that Buckingham's mother, Mary Beaumont, had been a menial servant. In old times, at least, a man was not noble who could not prove his "sixteen quarters" nobility untainted in his family, on both sides, from the time of his great-great-grandmothers. Under the later Bourbons, whose subjects assumed titles with the alacrity of "the most noble Count Bassett," no one was permitted to take part in the royal hunts whose nobility did not date from before the year 1400. In France, too, which assumed to be the most polite of nations, a descent through a female branch lessened the honour of those so descended; but in England all the most ancient baronies descend through females without deterioration or disparagement. Even if the wife be of the humblest condition, she ranks with her husband. Roger de Clifford so loved his meanly born mistress, Gillian, that he would wed with no other woman. The Yelverton who married his cook did little or no harm to the blood of Avonmore. The Lady Juliana Talbot, who married Bryan the strolling actor, and Lady Fox Strangways, who wedded with O'Brien of Drury Lane Theatre, did neither harm nor honour to the families into which they married. Lord Mansell's son married the daughter of Sir Cloudeley Shovel, who had been a shoemaker, without tainting his father's blood. There was a Dowager Countess of Winchelsea who married a wine-merchant, by which there was less harm done than might have been by the marriage of the Marchioness of Antrim, in her own right, with Mr. Phelps, a chorus-singer, which marriage, however, was without issue.

The peerage, however, has suffered in other ways, its members having contributed a very large number to the untender hands of the executioner. Since the Conqueror's days some fourscore temporal and spiritual lords have tasted the bitter quality of that grim official. The long list opens with Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, Huntingdon, and Northampton, who was beheaded by order of King William, his wife's uncle, in 1075. The gloomy record closes with Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, who was hanged for murder in 1760. Almost midway between the Saxon earl politically beheaded by his Norman uncle, and the half-mad and entirely bad earl who went to Tyburn in his wedding suit, stands the first prince of the

blood who stepped on scaffold doomed legally to death, in the person of Thomas Plantagenet, grandson of Henry III, and Earl of Lancaster and Leicester, of whom the common people made a saint. So revered was the memory of this troublesome and turbulent prince, that at one time Thomas of Lancaster threatened to supersede Thomas à Becket.

Very few indeed are the cases in which peers have been rightly executed for any but political offences, such as high treason, whereby they were made traitors because of their lack of success. Two or three have suffered for crimes of unutterable enormity; but in the very worst of these cases there is room for suspicion that the witnesses were of a class ready to prove too much. The spiritual peers have for the most part suffered enforced death, when called upon, with great dignity. Human sympathy is always with them. We know of no exception, save in the instance of an unworthy member of the Irish prelacy, who was, however, a Somersetshire gentleman, Atherton, Bishop of Waterford. He was hanged at Dublin in 1641, to the great satisfaction of every honest and pure-minded man.

If the law was sometimes rigorously interpreted against noble offenders, its enactments were as carefully applied for the protection of the good fame of the well-deserving. These enactments still exist. According to their declaration, a man may say of a commoner what would be *scandalum magnatum* when spoken, even truly, of a peer. So Dr. Hughes discovered when he said of my Lord Townshend, "He is an unworthy man, and acts against law and reason," and found, to his cost, that the words were actionable, as being used against a peer. The recent Libel Act of Queen Victoria, however, has probably taken the sting out of the once terrible writ of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

It was not merely by the block or attainder that peers and peerages in the old times ceased to exist. In those early days, a titled nobleman often grew weary of his dignity, and, yielding it to his heir, withdrew to a monastery. The instances are not few of peers flying from their estates, stripping themselves of their dignities, and immuring themselves in some isolated retreat, because they were stricken with leprosy. We may notice as a cumulative sample, the instance of the Baron Brian Fitzcount, whose two sons, becoming incurable lepers, Brian and his wife Maude, after providing for the care of the two luckless heirs, shut themselves up in religious houses, and heard unmoved that the King, Henry I, had seized their lands, as if lepers were, as dead men, incapable of inheritance of title or estate.

Surrenders of title were, otherwise, not infrequent. We could enumerate at least a dozen peers who were thus "degraded" because of their poverty. One of the Beauforts, in Henry IV's reign, descended from the rank of Marquis of Dorset to that of Earl of Somerset. Indigence in a peer was probably supposed to render him dangerous to the government, and it was undoubtedly an ancient rule of the Civilians that nobility was annulled by poverty. But the rule could not hold, thus interpreted; poverty did not annul nobility, it only suppressed the title. Every cadet of a noble house, though he be a grave-digger, is as noble as the titled head of that house; but in old times, if a grave-digger could have proved himself to be the rightful heir to a peerage, the law would have recognised his nobility, but neither law nor custom nor king would have hailed him by his title. In one respect, extreme periods afford us similar illustrations. In by-gone ages disappointed hopes drove more than one peer from state and power into the deepest seclusion. In our own days there exists an Irish earl and English

baron, who could not indeed resign his title, but who has made surrender to his son of all the privileges and enjoyments he derived from it. This earl resided in the most lovely spot in all Ireland, enjoying the paradise of water, wood, and mountain, with a wife who was to him dearer than the paradise which they both loved. But death suddenly took her from his side, and the stricken lord, condemning himself never again to look out upon the scene on which she could gaze no more in company with him, withdrew from the world to the refuge of a "religious house," to live upon sweet, sad memories and heavenly aspirations.

Never was such devastation made in the ranks of our nobility, titled and untitled, as during the English 'Thirty Years' War of the White and Red Roses. In the thirteen battles fought between York and Lancaster, from that of St. Albans, in 1455, to that on Redmore Down, near Bosworth, in 1485—in nine of which struggles the Yorkists were the victors, yet they ultimately lost the great prize at Bosworth—there perished in fight, by murder, or under the axe, two kings, four princes, ten dukes, two marquises, one-and-twenty earls, two viscounts, and seven-and-twenty barons. To these may be added one lord-prior, one judge, one hundred and thirty-nine knights, all noble; four hundred and forty-one esquires, the eldest sons of knights; and a body of gentlemen, or untitled nobility, of coat-armour and ancestry, the number of whom is variously stated, but which number, being incorporated with the death-roll of private soldiers, swelled the great total to nearly eighty-six thousand men. Such was the cost to the country of that country's best blood, shed in a quarrel which, after all, ended in a wedding by way of compromise.

By death and by attainder the ranks of the peerage were thus diminished: they do not seem to have been very rapidly replenished. In the reign of Elizabeth, in the year 1572, the order of dukes was totally extinct; and we learn from one of Ben Jonson's plays that in James I's time it was a—

"received heresy  
That England bears no dukes."

The title was distasteful to divers nobles, who held it ominous, on the ground that so many who had borne it had lost their heads. King James, however, revived the ducal order in 1623, by advancing George Villiers to the rank of Duke of Buckingham.

The omen was fulfilled in this case. Of the three Staffords who had been Dukes of Buckingham before him, Humphrey was slain, and Henry and Edward were beheaded. And then this George Villiers was assassinated, and his son died a beggar and childless. In the Sheffield's this dukedom passed but from one father to one son. That son died a minor, and him and his house Pope celebrated in the Epitaph on the last of the Sheffield's:—

"A race for courage famed, and art,  
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;  
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,  
Pays the last tribute, in a saint to heaven."

Young Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, at least died in his bed. Other lines ended in other ways. Although peers be titled gentlemen, who enjoy such privileges as freedom from arrest in civil suits, and the right to wear their hats, if they choose to be rude, in courts of justice; and although they have the exercise of various judicial functions, the grandeur of the position has oftentimes suffered much abatement. There was formerly in titled life as much peril as grandeur. Take, for instance, the eighteen Earls of Northumberland. The first three were slain; the fourth, Cospatrik, from whom the Dundases are descended, died in exile; the fifth was

beheaded; the sixth, who was also Bishop of Durham (Walcher), was murdered; the seventh (the Norman Alberic) was deprived, and pronounced "unfit for the dignity;" the eighth died a prisoner for treason; the ninth and tenth hardly come into the account, for they were Henry and Malcolm, princes of Scotland, who were a sort of honorary Earls of Northumberland; the eleventh earl was the old Bishop Pudsey, of Durham, who bought the earldom for £11,000, but was subsequently deprived of it and thrown into prison. Then came the Percys. The first earl of that house, but the twelfth in succession, after the death of his son, Hotspur, at Shrewsbury, was himself slain in battle; the thirteenth earl fell at St. Albans, the fourteenth at Towton, the fifteenth at Barnet, the sixteenth was murdered, the seventeenth was the first to die a natural death, and the eighteenth left no children. He, indeed, left a brother; but Sir Thomas Percy was attainted, and his honours became extinct. The son of Sir Thomas was restored in blood and title after Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was beheaded; but the restored earl was himself beheaded in 1572. It was his nephew, Earl Henry, the husband of Dorothy, one of the sisters of Essex, who suffered fifteen years' imprisonment in the Tower, and was mulcted in a fine of £20,000, not so much because he failed to prove that he was not concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, as because the Percy who was actively engaged in it was his kinsman and servant. He was the last earl of his line who suffered personal constraint; and in his grandson, Josceline Percy, the male line became extinct in 1670.

We could cite the lines of other noble houses, the honours of which have had as much gloom as glory, more peril than comfort, about them. We will rather complete the sketch of the Percy family by stating that the Earl Josceline's sole child and heiress, Elizabeth, married the "proud Duke of Somerset," in which title their son, Algernon Seymour, succeeded them, with that of Earl of Northumberland added thereto. This Algernon Seymour, like Josceline Percy, had but one child, Elizabeth, sole heiress now of the Somerset and Northumberland property. This Elizabeth once expressed her surprise at a lady having refused an offer of marriage made to her by the handsome baronet Sir Hugh Smithson, whose father is described by some writers as a London apothecary, but whose family, landed gentry in the north, from the time of the Conquest, was as noble as that of the Percys, and only inferior to it in the fact that the hereditary title of the one was higher in the scale of precedence than that of the other. Sir Hugh married the Percy heiress, and was subsequently created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. In the well-nigh hundred years that have since elapsed, there have been four dukes—Sir Hugh, his son, and two grandsons. In the later, as in the earlier days, these Northumbrian nobles have had to risk their lives in battle; the present Duke was in Lord Exmouth's expedition to Algiers, and his father distinguished himself in America. The latter, too, came into collision with the Government of his day, as his remote predecessors had often done; but in his case with less calamitous issue. George III had promised him the governorship of Tynemouth; but the King broke his royal word. When he was, subsequently, asked to go out to America as Commissioner, with a promise of the Garter on his return, he peremptorily refused; and when asked for the grounds of his refusal, he as promptly answered—his experience of what Court promises were!

It has been remarked that the cadets of noble families, however low they may have fallen, lose nothing of their

nobility, and may be the true representatives of a line whose elder branches are extinct. If this rule be exactly as we have stated, Percy, the Irish trunk-maker, who claimed to be the heir of Josceline Percy, to the detriment of the great heiress Elizabeth, may have had no grounds for his claim as next heir, and yet may have been a cadet of the family. In the last century, the old noble Scottish line of Ormiston had a cadet of the house, and probably a representative of the lords of the land near Montrose, in the person of Ormiston, the Edinburgh hangman.

To return to England: let us observe, that in an essentially hereditary peerage, peerages for life are undoubtedly an anomaly. The grant which made Sir James Parke Baron Wensleydale for the term of his natural life was so questioned in the Upper House, that the Crown yielded to the pressure, and the title was re-granted to him and his heirs male. In the earlier case of Chief Justice Gifford, a life peerage was proposed, but declined; and the learned lord ultimately obtained his baronial coronet with the usual stipulations. He is distinguished as being the only English peer who was at the same time Master of the Rolls. In King James I's time, however, there was a Scottish peer, Lord Bruce, who held the same office.

It must be remembered, nevertheless, that precedents for authorizing creations of life peerages exist. Henry VI created Richard Beauchamp (Earl of Warwick) Earl of Albemarle for life. At his death, his son Henry succeeded him in the earldom of Warwick, and he was, subsequently, the sole Duke of Warwick (with precedence next to Norfolk and before Buckingham) on the roll of the peerage; but the title of Albemarle expired at Richard Beauchamp's death in 1439, nor was it heard of again till 1660, when George Monck was created Baron Monck of Potheridge (his birthplace) and Beauchamp, Earl of Torrington, and Duke of Albemarle.

The only other instances we can recall to mind of a peerage granted for life were in 1377, when Guiscard d'Angle, of Poitou, was created Earl of Huntingdon *totâ viâ suâ durante*; and again in 1416, when Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, was created Duke of Exeter for life. On the other hand, the creation of peeresses for life has been exceedingly common. We need only cite the Baroness Bellasyze, the Countess of Buckingham, the Countess of Chesterfield, and the Duchess of Cleveland; the Duchess of Dudley, the Countess of Guilford, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Portsmouth, the Countess Rivers, the Baroness Sandys, the Countess Shepey, and the Countess Stafford, as the most familiar samples. Perhaps the most curious title ever conferred on a lady was that of *Baroness* in her own right, which was conferred, in 1635, on Mistress (who then became Lady) Bolles. This "dame" lies buried at Ledsham.

Misalliances by way of marriage have not been so cruelly visited in England as on the Continent. Even in the celebrated case of Winifred the dairy-maid, it will be remembered that the great historian of the fact of her marriage allows that if she a little spoiled the blood of the Bickerstaffes, she very much improved their constitutions. There was no such concession made in Germany in a similar and actual case. In 1436, Agnes Bernauerinn, a peasant-girl, was married by Duke Albert the Pious. The bridegroom's father, Duke Ernest of Bavaria, could not forbid the banns, but he very readily murdered the bride. She was flung from the bridge of Straubing into the Danube by his order. The poor young beauty, who had unwillingly become a duchess, rose to the surface, and struck out for the shore screaming for help; but there was none to help her. The ducal executioner was



there, but only to satisfy his master's pride and thirst for vengeance. As she neared the bank, he passed his long pole through her luxuriant hair, forced her under the water by it, and held her there till she was drowned. One of the most curious errors with which we are acquainted is that in the last volume of the "Archæologia;" in which it is said that this poor duchess Agnes was drowned by order of her own instead of her husband's father. The latter was the murderer, by the hands of his own hangman. Perhaps the hangman was made a *Freiherr* for his manly work. In our own country, an idea has always prevailed that an executioner who beheaded a state criminal for high treason became by the fact an esquire. The mistake arose from Brooke, York Herald, having made out a coat-of-arms for "Gregory Brandon, gentleman," the hangman of Charles I's days. York palmed the arms on Garter, who negligently confirmed them; but both heralds were imprisoned—one for the hoax, and the other for not finding it out. The hoax gave rise to the old popular error.

In old days in this our England, all noblemen, by whatever title they were known, were barons. The "Council de Baronage" included peers of every dignity. In the reign of Henry III, an Act of Parliament decreed that no nobleman could sit in parliament without a writ of summons. Nor was a new peer considered actually possessed of his dignity till he had undergone the rite of investiture. On this point Sir Bernard Burke has fallen into a singular error for a King of Arms to make. "In olden time," he says, "it was deemed necessary to invest with robes the newly created baron in open parliament, and so lately as the era of King James I that monarch in person solemnly inducted the barons created by patent, in the fifteenth year of his reign, by enrobing each peer in scarlet, with a hood furred with miniver; but in the same year it was determined to discontinue those ceremonies in future, the legal advisers of the Crown having declared that the delivery of the letters patent constituted a sufficient creation." Nevertheless, it is certain that investiture was in practice as late as the reign of Charles II. "In the Banqueting House," writes Pepys (20th of April, 1661), "saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others Earls, and Mr. Crewe and several others Barons, the first being led up by heralds and five old Earls to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest and sword and coronet, and gives him the patent, and then he kisses the King's hand, and rises and stands covered before the King. And the same for each Baron, only he is led up by three old Barons, and they are girt with swords before they go to the King." Coronets were not worn by barons previous to this reign. Charles conferred this honour, as Elizabeth had done on viscounts. As connected with this matter, we may notice that a peer's robes cost about £1000; but just previous to George IV's coronation, Mr. Wayte offered to supply them for that occasion at £220, and to take them back at £80, which left ample profit for their use.

On the subject of the creation of peers we will here mention the exceedingly pretty custom which was once in force in France. In the time of the old parliament a "duke and peer," on his nomination, and even if he were a prince of the blood, was obliged, in the spring next after his nomination, to present a tribute of roses to the parliament. This was called the "Ceremony of the Roses." The new duke, moreover, was accustomed to decorate the hall in which the parliament sat, and every adjacent chamber, with a profusion of flowers and foliage. Previous to his introduction, he gave a magnificent breakfast. On his introduction, pages preceded him

bearing a large silver basin filled with roses and violets, which were presented to the president. The pretty ceremony could not be avoided. In June, 1541, the parliament decreed that Louis de Bourbon Montpensier, created duke and peer in February, 1538, and François de Cleves, created "Duc de Nevers" in January of the same year, should present the flowery tribute, and that Louis de Bourbon, though the last in date of creation, should bring his roses and violets first.—*Athenæum*.

## THE BALLOON AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY JAMES GLAISHER, ESQ., F.R.S.

### II.

THE scientific world of Paris was speedily in agitation to improve, if possible, upon the experiment, the particulars of which had reached them; and it was justly considered that the most buoyant medium known would be the best for the intended purpose. A subscription, headed by M. Faujas de St. Fond, was immediately opened to defray the expenses of a first attempt. The required sum was speedily contributed, for persons of every class hastened to sign their name. When sufficient money was collected, M. Robert was appointed to construct the machine, and M. Charles to superintend the work. How they thought and laboured, overcame unlooked-for difficulties, and did succeed at last, is told by Cavallo with a straightforward and most amusing *naïveté*. We gather from his narrative, which is written with the vividness of newly impressed facts, a very clear idea of the nature of the perplexities which beset them. The two first considerations which called for their attention were, the production of inflammable air in sufficient quantity, and the necessity of discovering a material which should be sufficiently light in itself, but impermeable to gas. After various trials, they made choice of silk coated with caoutchouc, or varnish of dissolved elastic gum, and of this they made a bag 15 feet in diameter. It was called *balloon*, from its ball-like shape, and was provided with an aperture like a bladder, to which a stop-cock was adapted. The balloon when empty weighed, with the stop-cock, twenty-five pounds. In August, 1783, they began to fill it with inflammable air. The balloon was suspended at a height above the ground by means of a rope fastened to its top. At eight o'clock in the morning the operation was begun, all common air having been first expelled from the silken bag by compression. A stop-cock and pipe underneath gave admission to the inflammable air as it was produced. The apparatus they employed for generating hydrogen is described by Cavallo as a sort of drawers lined with sheet lead, each of the drawers communicating with a common pipe leading to the stop-cock. In this plan they persevered for some hours; but the waste of gas was considerable, more being lost than was made to enter the balloon. At two o'clock they substituted a cask placed upright for the former arrangement. In the flat end, which was uppermost, two holes were bored: one of these was connected with a tube leading to the stop-cock; the other served to introduce the iron and diluted vitriolic acid, with which they were obliged to replenish the cask from time to time. When, for this purpose, the hole was opened, the stop-cock was necessarily forced to be closed; and as this occurred pretty often, the delay was considerable. Another difficulty was caused by the effervescence created by the process, which produced so great a degree of heat that the stop-cock was almost unmanageable, and the risk to the balloon so great, that they were obliged to keep pump-

ing water against it. To add to their distresses, the watery vapour mixed with the gas collected in the balloon, in the form of water, and was only to be expelled by suspending all other operations. After thirteen hours' incessant work, at nine in the evening they secured the apparatus, and discontinued their proceedings.

The next morning early they returned, filled with hopes and anxious anticipations; but to their surprise the balloon, which on the previous evening had been left about one-third full, was now perfectly distended. To their cost they soon ascertained that the stop-cock had been left open, and that common air had entered and mixed with the generated gas. The operation had therefore to be begun again, but with such great success that at six o'clock the same evening the balloon began to show signs of buoyancy, and at seven o'clock it pulled against the ropes. This evening, when they quitted the scene of their experiment, they took care to secure it from all chance of misadventure, and next morning, being early on the ground, were able to resume the work to their satisfaction. To test the buoyancy of the machine, it was detached from the ropes and secured by weights to the ground. Its power was found equal to sustain a weight of twenty-one pounds: by evening it was found diminished to eighteen pounds, doubtless occasioned by an imperceptible escape of gas through the needle-holes of the work. The day appointed for its ascent was the 27th of August, and, to insure success, on the 26th more inflammable air was added. By way of experiment, and to amuse the bystanders, various partial ascents were made; the balloon, restrained by cords, ascending to the height of 1000 feet. A crowd of curious spectators collected, and a guard was found necessary to protect it from the demonstrations of the mob.

The balloon had been filled near the Palais de Victoires, and was thence conducted to the Champs de Mars, a distance of about two miles. To avoid a crowd as much as possible, it was conveyed this distance before daybreak. Its removal was attended with torches and lanterns; and this, together with the peculiar appearance and shape of the machine, even at that early hour attracted a considerable concourse. By the time it arrived at its destination, the Champs de Mars was lined with guards, and the streets and every available point of view thronged with spectators. When arrived, to make certain of success, and to exhibit the operation to the people, more inflammable air was passed into the machine. At five o'clock exactly a discharge of cannon announced the signal of departure; and the balloon, disengaged from its fastenings, rose majestically before the multitude, to the height of 3123 feet. At this elevation it became lost in a cloud. Its disappearance was announced by a second discharge of cannon. Afterwards it reappeared for a moment, and then was finally lost in the clouds. Rain was falling during the time.

The balloon, after remaining up in the atmosphere about three-quarters of an hour, fell in a field near Gonesse, a village about twenty-five miles distant from the place of its ascent. It was found by some peasants, who, unable to divine its purpose and construction, rather roughly handled the object of their curiosity and amazement. It was discovered with a rent in the silk; and it was supposed that, the balloon passing into a less dense stratum of the atmosphere, the gas had expanded and caused it to explode. The balloon, when it left the earth, was fifteen times lighter than common air.

In an incredibly short time the invention became popularized, and miniature balloons were common all

over Paris. Some one suggested that gold-beater's skin, cut in strips and glued, filled with inflammable air, would be well adapted for the construction on a small scale. The experiment was performed by the Baron de Beaumauvin; and the idea being speedily caught up, balloons varying from six to eighteen and nineteen inches in diameter were soon everywhere for sale, and found ready purchasers.

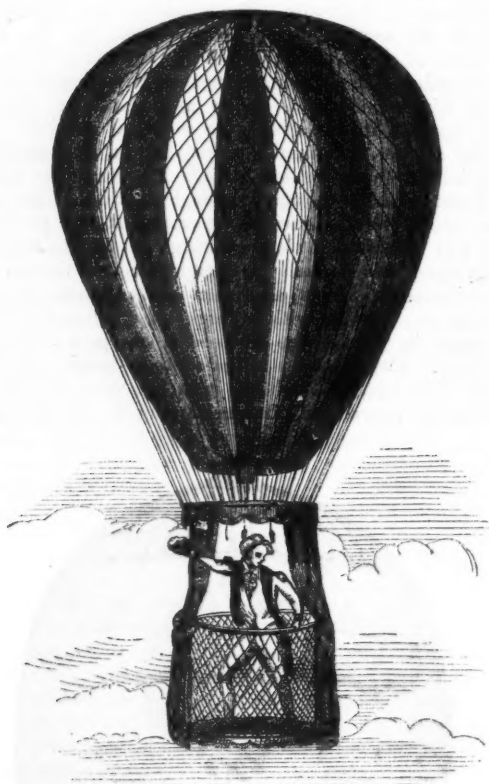
On the 11th of September, the course of our narrative shows us M. Montgolfier in Paris, to superintend the construction of a large aerostatic machine at the request of l'Académie des Sciences. On the 12th it was filled, and made a trial ascent before the Commissionnaires de l'Académie. The process of filling the great aerostat occupied no longer than nine minutes, and was performed by means of the combustion of 50 lbs. weight of straw, and 12 lbs. of wool chopped and thrown upon the straw at intervals. The machine was slightly injured, the weather being unfavourable; but the arbitrators of success were satisfied. On the 19th day of September, the experiment was to be repeated before the king and royal family at Versailles: and M. Montgolfier, in his anxiety to insure if possible complete success, determined to construct a new machine. By indefatigable exertion, in four days and four nights a great aerostat was again made, beautifully painted and decorated, water-colours being employed, and preferred as less inflammable than painting in oil: the material employed was a cloth of linen and cotton thread. It was 60 feet in height, and when inflated sustained itself in the air, together with a weight of 690 lbs., including a cage in which were inclosed a sheep, a cock, and a duck. The machine ascended to a height of more than 1000 feet, and, drifting with the wind, fell in the wood of Vaucresson, after remaining in the air eight



MONTGOLFIER'S BALLOON.

minutes. It was observed by the game-keepers descending gently to the ground, bending on its way the branches of the trees against which it grazed in falling. Of the animals, the cock was found with his wing broken; but this had been injured by a kick from the sheep, previous to ascending: the others were unhurt.

With commendable prudence, the first aerial ascents and voyages in the air were performed by deputy. The circumstance finds notice in Foster's "Treatise on Aerial and Alpine Voyages," dated 1833. A vignette on the concluding page represents "two of the earliest aeronauts," two old grimalkins. They appear comparing notes, and might with good reason, as I well know, be thankful for their furry jackets: a hint that no aeronaut of a high ascent should be slow to profit by.

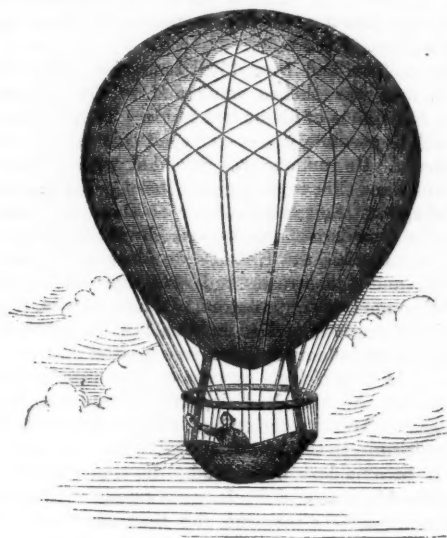


LUNARDI'S BALLOON TRAVELLING WITH HIMSELF.

Ten months passed away from the date of Montgolfier's discovery, and then M. Pilatre de Rozier offered himself to make an ascent. This offer was accepted, and a larger and more solid machine than had been used before was made for the occasion. It was of an oval shape, and for the cage was substituted a wicker gallery, to which was added a balustrade three feet high. On the 15th of September, 1783, M. de Rozier made the first ascent that was ever attempted, from a garden in the faubourg St. Antoine, and remained up about four minutes, in presence of all Paris assembled. But this was only what Mr. Coxwell would call a partial ascent; for M. de Rozier had only trusted himself to a captive balloon. A month later, with increased confidence the first aerial voyage on record was determined; and M. Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes were to make the ascent together. On the 29th of November

they ascended from the palace gardens of La Muette, in presence of a large multitude assembled. The voyage was successful, and its incidents are as marked and full of interest as those generally of a first enterprise; nor is it less interesting than that of Signor Lunardi in England, and MM. Charles and Robert in France.

The success of these experiments gave rise to the idea, in turn, that the inflammable air balloon might be brought to perform a voyage; and again a subscription was announced, 1000 livres being the probable sum required. MM. Robert and Charles were, as before, employed. This time the balloon was made of zones of silk, and covered with varnish. A net went over the upper half of the balloon, and was fastened to a hoop or belt, which encircled it midway. The car, made of wicker-work, was shaped like a boat, and hung some few feet below the balloon, by cords depending from the net. To let out the excess of inflammable air, which, if not so permitted to escape, would probably occasion the bursting of the silk, a valve was fitted to the top, and made to open by means of a valve-line attached. This time, for generating the inflammable air the apparatus employed was far less clumsy than before, and, under the direction of a good practical chemist, the operation proceeded with tolerable rapidity and ease. The two first aeronauts belonging to this balloon were M. Robert and M. Charles, who ascended from Paris on Monday the 1st of December, 1783, in presence of an immense crowd. To show the direction of the currents it would meet with, a pilot balloon was let off by M. Montgolfier, and observers, with instruments, were stationed in various places, to take note of the elevation, rate of travelling, etc., attained by the voyagers.



AIR BALLOON DESCRIBED BY CAVALLI (1785).

Of the two discoveries, or, to speak more correctly, the first invention and its sequel, time has declared itself in favour of the inflammable air balloon; the French aerostat, or fire-balloon, being now rarely used, I believe, excepting as a matter of curiosity and amusement.

An attempt was made to combine them in 1786, and with the compound apparatus to cross the Channel from France to England. M. Pilatre de Rozier superintended the construction, and undertook the voyage. When all was completed, to be in readiness he hastened at the last moment from England, and came direct from Blackheath,



accompanied by the Marquis de Maisonfort, who desired to be his companion on the intended voyage. Arrived at Boulogne, however, M. de Romain insisted upon the performance of a prior promise to himself, and they started on the 15th of June together on their fatal enterprise. At a quarter before seven the double apparatus was set free, consisting of a Montgolfier fixed underneath an inflammable air-balloon. It continued to ascend until it found its equilibrium, drifted for a second or two with the current at its level, and seemed for a moment stationary. Then the whole apparatus was seen in flames, and from the height of 1000 yards these unfortunate men were precipitated. M. Pilatre, his body crushed, and his breast-bone broken, was found dead where he fell. M. Romain, frightfully injured, survived but ten minutes. A monument was erected on the spot, and they were universally deplored as the victims of an honourable and dangerous enterprise. No one knows for certain how the catastrophe originated, or whether, as is most likely, the over-heated Montgolfier underneath set on fire by its proximity the inflammable air in the balloon above.

The voyage above the Channel had been successfully performed a year previously, by M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries. To cross the sea was the next venture of importance, after the certainty of aerial voyages had become more assured. M. Blanchard at this time was in England, and the voyage was made from Dover to Calais. The balloon used was oblong in shape, and filled with inflammable air; it travelled horizontally, like a floating cylinder, and a strong net-work covered half-way over it, from which cords depended for the suspension of the car, or boat. M. Blanchard had constructed wings, and a kind of gouvernail, or rudder, with the idea of regulating its movements as those of a ship out at sea. It was launched from Dover Cliffs, pushed off into the atmosphere above the sea, as a boat is pushed from the land into the element it belongs to. It was an anxious moment for M. Blanchard, his companions, and their friends; a sensation also for the English populace, nearly equal to that created by a Blondin or a Leotard. But no catastrophe ensued. The machine rose slowly into the air, and, drifting gently along, gave promise of a safe passage. But it found its equilibrium too near the surface of the water; and, to keep their own element, M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries were compelled to lighten the boat of their ballast, their instruments, books, provisions, etc., with which it had been stored. Even their wings they cast away, and their garments, one by one. About four miles from shore they found, to their relief, that they were rising; and, as they passed over the high ground between Cape Blanc and Calais, the balloon described a magnificent arch in air. Soon after they descended in the forest of Guinnes, their capricious equipage having landed them unhurt, but destitute of every appliance with which they started, hungry, half-clothed, and having experienced many vicissitudes of heat, cold, and drowsiness. For all this, it was successful; and their own delight and that of the people knew no bounds.

Towards the year 1821 the application of coal gas to the balloon marks the third epoch in aerostation. Previously to the discovery of Mr. Green, that gas as we use it ordinarily would be an excellent substitute for the artificial hydrogen, public interest began to languish; and by the time fifty years had elapsed from the date of Montgolfier's discovery, people had considered for some time that the balloon never could be made a trained and serviceable power. During this lull of popular interest, Mr. Green, by his attention to the

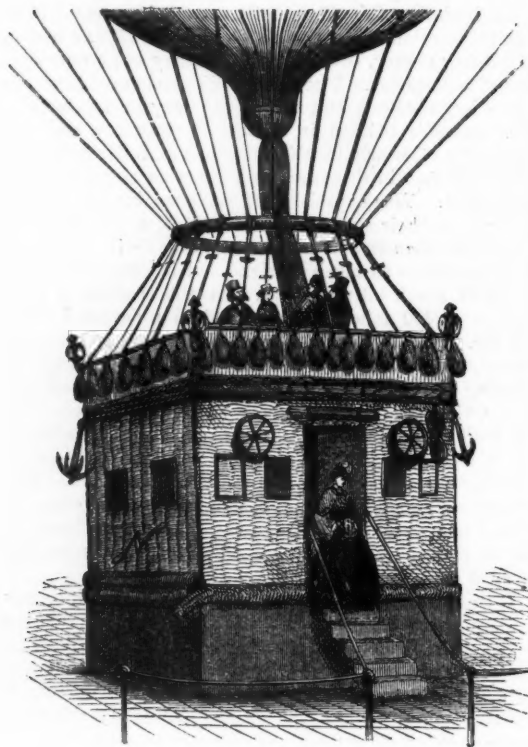
mechanical management of its movements, attained almost the monopoly of its employment.

After commanding the attention of all Europe, marking by its discovery a new epoch in the history of the world, enduing us with a new faculty, growing, with each attempt, for a time, more and more manageable, and giving promise of almost boundless powers, the balloon finally opposed a steady resistance to improvements, and by degrees faded quietly out of public notice, except as a wonder for sight-seers. At this point of its history it came into my hands, for the purpose of philosophical research. Excepting that the mode of filling it is changed, the great balloon of Mr. Coxwell is in no way very essentially different from the second inflammable air balloon constructed by MM. Charles and Robert. That its management as an aerial locomotive, in common with all balloons when compared with the powers of the land and sea, is difficult, I admit; but at the same time I am sure that Mr. Coxwell's balloon is efficient enough for all points of inquiry which arise in the present condition of meteorology. It is something, therefore, to have found an application within compass of its powers; and, while accompanying its movements for hours at a time, closely watching every circumstance and detail belonging to itself and the element it moves in, I have, without being enabled to put in any claim to be heard as authority, nevertheless been led to an opinion. Thus, in relation to its future improvements (to judge from the general fitness of things, and the harmony which pervades all nature, any departure from which at once announces itself), I should say that a balloon furnished with oars, sail, and rudder, however plausible in theory, or furnished with the wings and fan-tail of a bird, however good in argument, must inevitably prove a failure. Mechanical appliances of weight appear ill suited to a machine whose governing power is a buoyancy lighter than the air itself.

M. Nadar's "Géant" recently occupied a great deal of public attention. He says that he has used it as a means of gaining money, to enable him to carry out a new system of aerostation. The relative dimensions of Mr. Coxwell's large balloon and this Géant may be interesting. Mr. Coxwell's balloon is 55 feet in diameter, and has a capacity of nearly 90,000 cubic feet; M. Nadar's balloon is 74 feet in diameter, and contains about 220,000 cubic feet. The capacities of balloons increase much faster than their surfaces; for instance, a balloon with double the diameter of another requires in its construction four times as much material, but it commands eight times as much lifting power. In this balloon a long voyage of 400 miles was achieved in nineteen hours; but Mr. Green in the Nassau balloon performed a longer journey when he went from London to Weilburg, enhancing the merit by crossing the Channel; and one of Mr. Coxwell's surpasses both of these for speed. On the 16th June, 1857, Mr. Coxwell, with two companions, left Woolwich at 11½ p.m., and descended at Tavistock at 4½ a.m., having travelled 250 miles in five hours. The voyage of the Nadar balloon was a failure: the grapnels failed; the valve failed; and the landing in Hanover was so perilous that the occupants of the car narrowly escaped with their lives.

I think it would not be difficult to convince my readers that there is a natural harmony of relation between the principle of the barometer and the balloon itself; for the one records, by the vertical movement of a column of mercury in air, the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere; while the other exhibits the different degrees of elasticity and pressure between a buoyant gas and the air it floats in. To this, the first principle

of its discovery, the balloon is constant, and inevitably rises to the height where it finds its equilibrium. It is only to be dislodged by an artifice which adapts itself to the governing principle, as when the valve-line is in operation and the contents of the ballast-bags are shaken out. The balloon drifts with the wind, not through it, and therefore has no disturbing movement as it progresses. Without artifice it drifts high or low with the current in which it finds its level, and is sensitive as a being endued with life. The silken bag which holds the gas (the outer covering which maintains the aura—to borrow from the birds of Archytas) collapses or swells, just as my instruments record corresponding changes in the air through which it travels. Beyond this harmonious relation of movement with the indications of my barometer, and the instrument which shows the degree of heat and moisture in the air, the balloon is an unmanageable despot, whose co-operation is to be relied on only by the means already named. I should be sorry to advance with confidence a mere opinion; but it is my belief that future improvement is not unlikely to arise from the mutual relation between the machine itself and the subject of research I and my instruments are making note of in the car below. An illustrious man of the present day once said to me, "Our second thoughts are always the least complex, and have a tendency to simplify the original intricacy of a first idea." So we have seen the simple discovery of the balloon sweep away all mechanical fallacies to contrive the art of flying, from the time of Archytas. Something no less simple will, I conjecture, supersede the mechanical and very romantic arrangements which are constantly suggested to render the balloon obedient to the will of the aeronaut. A more extended acquaintance with the peculiarities of the fluid it belongs to will be, I venture to believe, the grounds of future improvement.



CAR OF NADAR'S BALLOON.

## Varieties.

**DANISH NOTES.**—The Dannewerke was built during the reign of Gorm den Gamle (840—985) by his queen Thyra Dannebod, as a stronghold against the Germans, who constantly invaded Denmark. Sleswig was a province of Denmark, and called South Jutland. During the period 1200—1400 the Holstein counts were very powerful, and several times conquered Sleswig, and even Jutland (1340), but were driven out in 1342. In the year 1449, Christian I, the head of the Oldenburg family, was elected King of Denmark; and when the old ducal house expired in Holstein (1459), he was also elected Duke of Holstein in that year. In the year 1490 King Hans divided the duchies with his younger brother, and, with short intervals, the duchies remained separated, or partly separated, from Denmark. In the year 1608, "Johan Adolph," Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, gave the duchies a fundamental law, which received the confirmation of King Christian IV of Denmark, and in which he promised that the duchies never should be separated. In the year 1721 Sleswig was conquered, and incorporated with the mother country, Denmark, and its possession was guaranteed for ever by England and France. For 330 years Sleswig has been either separated, or partly separated, from the mother country, Denmark; viz., 1386—1860, reigned over by Holstein counts, and since, with short intervals (1460—1490 and 1523—1544), by the Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp; and during that period the German language was forced upon the inhabitants in schools, churches, law, and in every other respect; but the majority of the inhabitants still clung to their mother language. In the year 1739 it was ordered that Danish should be the language in churches, schools, etc., in every part of Sleswig, where the inhabitants spoke Danish; but this law was never kept up.—G. R.

**RICE BIRDS.**—The rice birds of Carolina were once considered a great pest by some people. The little creatures gather round the fields in harvest-time, and of course eat a good deal of grain. Some years ago it was determined to make war on them, and drive them off; and the effort partially succeeded. "What were the birds good for?" The rice-planter soon found out; for with the decrease of the birds the worms increased so fast, that instead of a few scattering grains to feed the birds, the whole crop was wanted to fill the hungry maw of the army which came to destroy every young shoot that sprung up. The birds were invited back again with a hearty welcome. Rice cannot be cultivated without them.

**HOW A CURATE BECAME RECTOR.**—Archbishop Whately, in his "Annotations on Bacon's Essays," relates the following anecdote:—"A curate of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the rector or the bishop. They therefore hit upon this cunning plan—they drew up and signed a memorial to the bishop, setting forth the admirable character of the curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him for preferment. Soon after, this very living quite unexpectedly became vacant, whereupon the bishop, considering how acceptable, as well as deserving, he appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked his people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, and assuring them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation."

**BEATING DOWN PRICES.**—Some people pride themselves on a certain sharpness in making bargains. Mr. Gough said in one of his lectures, upon information derived personally from English convicts, that not a few of that unfortunate class of persons had formerly been venders of vegetables, fruit, matches, and such-like small wares, and by that humble means had tried hard to gain an honest livelihood. And they ascribed their failure and fall partly to the fact that their customers were so persistently in the habit of beating them down in their prices, that they found it impossible to earn a living by fair and honest dealing, and were at length tempted to a course of double-dealing, which led them step by step into lying, cheating, stealing, and finally to public degradation and the prison. We think that there is more than a grain of truth in this. At all events, one of the minor morals is, to give a poor man a fair price for his labour or his wares.